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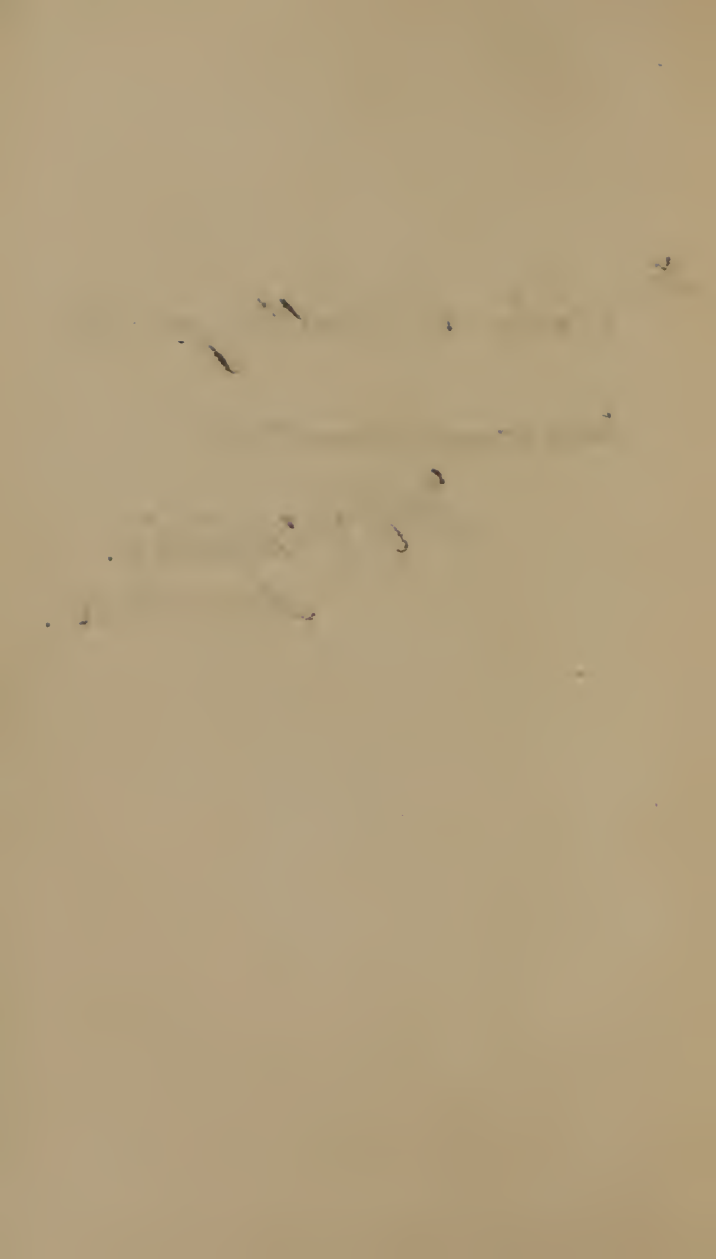
To

John S. Patton Esq

With compliments of

Wm C McMaster.

New York.



A  
BIOGRAPHY  
OF  
DR. ZALAMON JAMES McMASTER,

LATE SURGEON IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY,

DEDICATED WITH FILIAL AFFECTION TO OUR  
HONORED PARENTS,

BY  
WILLIAM E. McMASTER,  
OF NEW YORK.

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New York :

H. S. TAYLOR, STEAM JOB PRINTER, 89 JOHN STREET.

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## P R E F A C E.

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The life-long affection and intimacy which existed between my brother and myself, renders it peculiarly fitting that his biography should be written by one thus generously honored with his confidence.

Being the oldest of his brothers, and not unfrequently a defender of his rights among older playmates, it was natural that he should still cling to me with something of childhood's reliance for counsel and assistance, as he merged into the wider arena of life and manhood.

I was fortunate in having the ability to gratify the diversified wants of his eventful career, and the knowledge that my assistance was received with as generous a gratitude as it was ungrudgingly given, is a source of heartfelt gratification.

The incidents which constitute this history of life and character, are drawn from a full knowledge and careful review of his private and public career, and are presented without ostentation of facts or purpose, FOR THE PERUSAL OF HIS KINDRED AND FRIENDS.

THE AUTHOR.





# BIOGRAPHY

OF

DR. ZALAMON JAMES McMASTER.

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DR. ZALAMON JAMES McMASTER, late Surgeon in the United States Army, was born in the town of Brutus, Cayuga Co., New York, on the 8th of June, 1831.

He was the third of four sons, comprising the family of his father, Hugh McMaster, whose paternal ancestors emigrated to this country from Scotland before the revolution, and were among the earliest defenders of our constitutional liberty.

The childhood of Dr. McMaster was not materially different from that of amiable and sensitive boys, who have the good fortune to be born in a picturesque country, with a love of nature, and reasonable opportunities for gratifying it.

As he advanced in years, his fondness for the fields and woods made him a frequent companion of his older brothers upon their excursions. In health and physical developement he was at this period rather slight and delicate; and when it was thought that the fatigue of some proposed excursion would be too great for his strength, and

it was decided by the "older boys" to leave him at home, it was remarkable with what apparent sagacity he would "scent the trail"—they didn't then suspect the "conspiracy" of an indulgent mother—and when they imagined themselves securely out of reach, he would "turn up" upon their path, fully equipped for the occasion. To turn back defeated the enterprise, and to go on, involved the necessity of *shouldering* the responsibility for a safe transit over marsh and moor, yet the young strategist usually triumphed.

These familiar interviews with nature, to a mind naturally thoughtful, awoke an increasing desire to comprehend the vital principles which underlie and animate organic life. Books which treated of the natural sciences were industriously perused, while the "last novel" remained uncut and unread. When wearied with reading, he would turn for recreation to the construction of some ingenious mechanical design, calculated to illustrate some scientific or philosophical principle.

His father had retired to his farm near Auburn, and the country mansion might well have been taken for a museum of curious models and machines. From a "perpetual motion," that never moved, to a complete electrical apparatus or *camera obscura*, the genius of the young enthusiast was variously manifest.

During the summer of 1845 a new source of pleasure opened to him, in the temporary establishment of my studio in Auburn. His frequent

visits awakened a taste for the fine arts, which resulted in the development of considerable skill in drawing, that was of subsequent value in his profession. Almost by intuition he had become a skillful performer upon several musical instruments, illustrating the natural tendency of minds imbued with a true love of nature, to acquire the requisite skill in the aesthetic arts, which interprets and idealizes the fragmentary beauties of creation.

These accomplishments in one so young, blended with gentleness and generosity of disposition, made him a favorite in the society of persons older than himself, where, though he went with a modesty often amounting to embarrassment, he failed not to profit by his observations.

His sensitiveness at being thought a boy, and especially at being called one by some overgrown booby, often called forth a quiet satire that only provocation ever brought to light. Upon one such occasion he retorted upon a neighbor: "do you know, sir, that neither age nor size make a man? I could ask you a hundred questions, not one of which you could answer."

Between youthful pastimes, ingenious employments, and his school, he had passed the years of his boyhood. The period had now arrived when it was decided that he should leave the paternal home, where a kind father, an indulgent mother, and brothers ever ready to assist and defend him, were to be temporarily forgotten in the course of

studies upon which he was about to enter, to fit him for future usefulness and independence.

Early in the summer of 1850, Dr. McMaster entered upon the completion of his studies at the Wilson Collegiate Institute, in Niagara Co., N. Y. His progress here was rapid and satisfactory. He won the respect of professors and students, and, with his new honors of scholarship, returned to his home, to plume his wings for the long flight of life, which now for the first time, seemed actually to open before him.

The bias of his mind inclined to the medical profession, as the most suitable and useful field for developement and success. But, during a year of indecision, of various study and resolve, he was familiarizing himself with the phases of human life and society, by travel and intercourse. Upon several occasions he extemporized himself into a "tomb-stone agent," and went into the rural regions, soliciting orders for his brother Charles, then established in the marble business at Auburn. The tact and perseverance with which he would "sit for two hours upon a rail fence," taking some bereaved ploughman on the sympathetic side at every "bout" of the field; invite himself to dinner, and shed "crocodile tears" with the afflicted females, until he succeeded in securing an order and an inscription, were subjects of serious jests at his expense in after years. On returning from one of these expeditions, his brother jokingly proposed to take him into part-

nership; the Doctor replied, that "he preferred to wait until his medical practice was established, as his services would then be worth more to the concern." He closed this experimental year by teaching a district school for a few months in the winter of 1852 and '53, and in the most brilliant period of his subsequent career, he never had the weakness to look back with affected regret upon the occupation. It was the renewal of a familiar phase of life, now viewed from the side which was both a wonder and a terror to the school boy. He seems at this age to have substantially laid the foundation of his future character. Temperate, industrious, and studious, thoughtful and observant, with a keen relish for humor, an ardent love for nature, and great respect for mechanical pursuits; he considered a descent from honest and worthy parents a juster ground for self gratification than the splendors of wealth and ancestry, without the accompaniment of virtue.

In March, 1853, having previously studied with Dr. Hyde, of Auburn, he entered actively upon the completion of his studies by attending Medical Lectures at Geneva, N. Y. There is no period of existence when the spirit of a man is more apt to be depressed than when he is about to quit the quiet harbor in which he has rode in safety from childhood, and launch out on the dark and unknown ocean, where so many a gallant bark has gone down before him.

With something of these feelings, Dr. McMaster,

who now has a professional claim to the title which I have heretofore used for convenience, left his college with commendable honors and established himself professionally in Syracuse, N. Y., in the Autumn of 1853. His marked abilities soon gained him a flattering reception, and at the close of the year he was appointed one of the city physicians.

In personal intercourse his frankness and urbanity of manner disarmed all opposition, but it could hardly be expected that an uncompromising disciple of the Allopathic School thus publicly complimented, would be permitted quietly to settle down in that hot-bed of "Isms" and "Pathys," without being challenged to the arena of discussion, by some of the "sugar-pill," and water-on-the-brain fraternity. Their infinitesimal echos were for a time disregarded, until aroused by these "new lights" in science, Dr. McMaster took up the pen against the pretensions of Homeopathy; and with as much ability as he has used the scalpel, completely dissected and laid bare the absurdities of a theory, which pretends that the 30th attenuation of a medicine, is more potent than the first attenuation, or that a certain number of shakes of the vial in which this infinitesimal nothing is contained, increases its power.

It was a frequent remark of his, that, "empiricism thrives upon fanaticism." The Jerry Rescue fanatics had poisoned the political opinions of a numerous class, infidel abolition preachers, and their "strong minded" adherents, had

inoculated their poisonous doctrines, until a sort of politico religious, "black vomit," had seized upon the people ; and these sympathizing sugar-coated theorists, stepped forward with their "*Similia Similibus Curanter*," as the panacea of all ills human or divine.

Strongly as this fanatical infatuation is sketched, it does not exceed the facts, or the furore in that vicinity for Homeopathy at the advent of Dr. McMaster's practice ; though its pretensions, like its twin humbug, "Phrenology," which sought to supplant Physiology, and usurp the realms of science and the soul, were subsequently brought to the respectable position of nurse and waiting-maid to true science.

Dr. McMaster's discriminating mind enabled him to detect the sophistries of plausible theories, and separate them from sound scientific principles. He saw very clearly his own course, and could not be seduced—as a few of easy professional virtue were—by the allurements of temporary advantage, to drift into this shallow current at the very beginning of his career. As city physician, his practice was various, and required constant reference ; for in the treatment of every case, he made it the subject of careful study and investigation. The object at which he aimed was to convince his judgment as to the exact nature of the disease, and then by careful reflection lay down his course of practice, by breaking up the disease in its forming stage, or to control it by

agents stronger than itself. This trust in the power of remedies he was in the habit of strongly expressing to his patients, and invariably encouraged them with a reasonable hope of early recovery. It is but simple justice to say that this conscientious devotion and personal sacrifice to his profession, during the first year of his practice, deserves a better pecuniary reward than was received. He had seen complacent imbecility, snuff out the superior claims of intelligence, and in mores pheres than the medical world, some imperturbable clown settled high in place, beyond the reach of the greatest intellects to pull him down.

The chair of Anatomy and Physiology became vacant in the Syracuse medical college, and the professorship was unanimously tendered him by the trustees. In accepting this responsible position, there arose the question, whether consistently he should do so, in view of the fact that the college was especially dedicated to "Eclecticism." In his introductory lecture, the question seems settled by the following paragraph :

"Of the various kind of Anatomy, it will be my province to speak of Human and Physiological Anatomy, in the normal state. To instruct about the house we live in, and the only tenement we are sure of residing in till death. It will be my duty to teach the parts, material and *uses*, of this fabric ; and *leave it to others how to repair and keep it in order.*"

His Homeopathic antagonist embraced this op-



portunity to congratulate the Professor upon his "conversion to Eclecticism." Not to be outdone, in gallantry, Dr. McMaster replies, congratulating *him*, upon having attained the thirtieth attenuation of human physiology, tendering a free ticket to his lectures, which, if he would attend, would acquaint him with physiology in its normal condition without any attenuation whatever. This particular Homeopathist, being a fanatical abolitionist, the Professor closed his reply with a professional dedication of the following lines, which have both pith and point :

"COMPARATIVE ANATOMY."

"Who has not heard of the strange conformation,  
 Half man and half brute, both united in one ;  
 The nearest approach to this strange 'malgamation,  
 Is in Ethiop's children, 'neath Africa's sun ;  
 Where Ham, son of Noah, met an Ourang astray,  
 And thinking to better his lonely condition ;  
 Reared up a large family, who e'en to this day,  
 Claim all for their *cousins*, who preach Abolition."

The labors of his professorship, in connection with his practice, were arduous and exhausting. Within the space of three months he delivered fifty-seven lectures, embracing the whole range of Anatomy and Physiology. He always came to his subject with careful preparation, as an investigation of facts. His memory was correct and retentive, he lectured with clearness and force, and his illustrations were often eloquent and happy.

It is worthy of note in this connection to say, that without transcending purely professional limits, his lectures inculcated moral accountability, and unprofessional or irreverent levity in the dissecting room, met his prompt rebuke. Death was a profound mystery to him; the impalpable *spirit* he did not seek to find at the point of the scalpel; and, "whether coming from or returning to God, it is the immortal, undying part of man, but which possesses no more of a distinct existence, without the *material* brain, than does the power of magnetism or gravity upon the things they *once* acted." In a lecture upon this subject he further adds: "Man being the highest and most perfect of created beings, possesses a spirit entitled to a perpetual existence in some condition. This theory would be reconcilable with the mooted question of the *Resurrection of the body*, which would be placed in such a physical condition, that the spirit might enter and establish a new vitality. But I dismiss my views without wishing in any way to influence the religious belief of any one." This common-sense belief that the spirit only manifests itself through material agencies—the highest being the brain—accounts for the contemptuous opinion of "Spirit Rappings," which he considered too absurd for even "rational conjecture."

In July, 1854, he resigned his professorship, and entered into partnership with his brother, Charles H. McMasters, in the Drug business, at Salina,

New York. Here was a new demand upon his abilities and industry. The prescription department, as well as the responsibility of buying, required his personal attention. After conducting the general management of the firm for about a year it was decided to remove the stock to Auburn, N. Y., and in June, 1855, they took possession of their new store in that city. Dr. McMaster now temporarily suspended his professional practice, and gave, with his brother, undivided attention to business. Their efforts were at first moderately successful, but there was already a plethora of Drug Stores, and the divided trade of "Sweet Auburn," proposed no golden future to the young firm, so with the close of the year, they closed their books and the concern together.

The beginning of the eventful year of 1856 found Dr. McMaster, like some hopeful pioneer peering into the depths of the future, with a desire to establish himself permanently in his profession. The year just closed, in which his generous nature reveled for the last time for any considerable length in the social atmosphere of his father's home, untrammelled by the yet unknown influence that was to attach itself like some perverse barnacle, and impede his prosperous career, he still exulted in a life of "single blessedness," will long be cherished as the happiest period of his existence.

As if awakened by a prophetic consciousness that he was about to leave these rural scenes and

pleasures for the last time ; each was renewed with enthusiasm. No “bee tree” expedition, or “coon hunt” was complete without him ; of the summer night serenades, he was leader ; for fishing and hunting excursions he no longer required the consent or assistance of his “big brothers.” He had grown to a vigorous manhood, could outrun a horse at “twenty rods and turn a stake ;” could lay aside the boy and resume the man, with dignity and at pleasure. He was courteous to all, affable and well bred : with superior qualities of mind and heart, it is no marvel that he was a favorite, and never had a respectable enemy.

In the beginning of the year of 1856, Dr. McMaster removed to Chicago, Illinois. Land speculation in the West at the time ran high, and the writer of these pages had “caught the fever” slightly ; so upon the Doctor’s arrival he was manipulated into a land agent for a three weeks trip into Iowa, prospecting and locating. His horse-back expedition “out of sight of land,” roughing it on “pork and corn dodgers,” was a new school of practice, which, especially upon the system of diet, gave him some very matter of fact ideas. Upon his return in May, he opened his office on Randolph street, under the auspices of a few friends, and a hopeful anticipation. The successful treatment of several difficult cases, quite early in his career, gave him a flattering introduction. Opportunities continued to occur, in which the exercise of his skill, boldness and address, was sufficient to

have established a permanent reputation anywhere except in Chicago. The inventor of a spinning jenny is much more likely to receive his reward in his own day, than a man of genius in the medical profession. An infatuated community of money-making adventurers, who would thank you more for saving their fortunes than their lives, were not the people best suited for a conscientious, unassuming young man to succeed among. His aversion to the slightest artifice, and reluctance even to many of the sanctioned modes of extending a practice, was an undoubted barrier to his future success, which was always in arrears of his professional skill and reputation.

Under the slow process of building up a practice in a large city, his mind became restive, and after two years, of what a less ambitious man would have regarded a good beginning, he closed his office, and accepted in April, 1858, an appointment of honor and trust in the Chicago Post-office.

His new position being something of a partisan appointment, developed his political principles—which were both an inheritance and a choice—strongly on the side of the National Democracy. His party had just emerged from out the demagogue campaign of “Bleeding Kansas,” with a victory resplendent as its principles and the constitutional liberties—a little longer—rescued by its triumph, from the revolutionary designs of its enemies. He took a comprehensive view of the

question thus temporarily settled, and was one of the few, then, who believed that this cloud of Abolitionism rising in New England, and sweeping over the North, would, if not speedily stayed, blot out the sun of our Constitutional Liberty! Of the truth of these prophetic views, let subsequent and transpiring events decide.

Upon no class, responsible for our present national calamities, did his indignation fall with more severity, than the "Three Thousand Clergymen" of New England, and their satalites; who, assuming to be the vicegerents of the Almighty, self-delegated to petition against the "sum of all villanies," converted their pulpits into political rostrums, and profanated the sacred cause of Christianity.

During the period of about three years which he held his position in the Post-office, and enjoyed the confidence and friendship of his associates, he glided along the eddying wheels of life and society, making many warm friends, none truer, or more deserving of his gratitude than James Ward, Esqr., and his interesting family, whose hospitality and home was as free and open as their hearts.

His annual visits to the paternal home in New York, were perfect carnivals of visiting and frolic; in which a general review among the brothers was taken of everything they had ever enjoyed together. The genius of a Dickens would fail to describe some of these more than Pickwickian scenes, in which four full grown men and brothers,

imagining that they were boys again, recounted and re-enacted the pastimes of their youth, to the infinite merriment of their dear old parents, who were most willing and enthusiastic auditors.

Happy days! their memory sinks into the heart, as pearls fall into quicksilver; they are buoyed silently and in beauty upon the surface for a moment, then life's molten sea closes over them forever.

The current of his life was henceforth changed! On the 22d of November, 1859, he formed a connection by marriage most unsuited to his confiding and affectionate nature. When I contemplate what should have been—a gentle and affectionate wife, frugal, truthful and refined, with the soul of honor, and a heart as sunny as a summer sky, shedding round her home the sunlight of content—and turn to the wife, warmed into life by the rays which she obscured, rising like an ill-defined and angry cloud, shutting out the bright landscape of domestic peace; I lay down my pen in silence, and turn with renewed admiration to the memory of that dear brother, in whom *family pride and love for his child*, rose superior to the provocations which he tolerated so manfully.

In the early part of 1861, Dr. McMaster resigned his position in the Chicago Post-office, and removed to Eureka, Woodford county, Illinois, to practice his profession.

There is but little doubt that this removal to a small country village was influenced by an early

love of rural life and the hope to secure domestic content. To what extent these hopes were realized, his voluntary connection with the army, in the arduous position of surgeon, with the privations of camp life must in this place suggest. When I visited him in the autumn of this year, he walked me about his embryo city one moonlight night for several hours, pointing out the desirable places for a residence, yet always dissolving his "castles" with words more potent than a magician's wand.

Patriotism, born of a heroic struggle, like gold from the refiner's fire, comes out of the fierce heat of revolution, purified and free from the alloy of baser passions. The insulted honor of our flag, in the fall of Sumpter, must be avenged! The entire West sprang to arms, and the State which it was claimed, had given to the country for its President, "a second Washington"—emulous of the glory his "transcendent genius and generalship" would shed upon its future, vied with her sister States in patriotic efforts. Leaving the standpoint of temporary political power to its accidental occupants, let us contemplate from a nobler elevation, the patriotism of a class, than whom, none responded more worthily to their country's call to save its liberties! I take pleasure here in recording one respectable fact connected with this infernal war.—The physicians and surgeons of our land, the medical department of our army, reflect credit upon their profession, and deserve the nation's gratitude.



Late in the year 1861, Dr. McMaster bade adieu to Eureka, to accept the appointment of regimental surgeon in the 11th Illinois Cavalry, and entered at once upon his duties in camp, at Peoria. I sent him his equipment from New York, and the sword which I presented him, upon which both our names is engraved, now again in my possession, after being worn upon the bloodiest and most sanguinary battle-field of the war, possesses a priceless value.

In perusing the letters received from him in camp, written immediately after leaving Eureka, I find one alluding to his temporary return to that place, in the following touching language :

“ I went up to Eureka Saturday ; there is something to me extremely affecting in a home deserted. I cannot describe the feelings that possessed me to see things as they had been left, and all so silent. Every happy association which my mind had contemplated, crowded like surging waves upon my consciousness, and if a few tears stole unbidden from my eyes, they were unseen by any one. An open daguerreotype here, a baby's stocking there, and trifling relics wherever my eyes rested, remind me that ‘ home pleasures ’ were for me no longer.”

Further along in the same letter, he writes : “ I am getting exhausted in funds, there is considerable due, but none collected. I wish you were here to lend me a few dollars, I have no one to go to, but will try to worry it through till I get

something from my services." God bless his noble and confiding nature, at the very time he was penning that manly appeal, my order for one hundred dollars was on its way to relieve him.

On the 22d of January, '62 he passed his examination with distinguished honors, and received from Governor Yates his commission as surgeon with the rank of Major.

To his new responsibilities he devoted himself with characteristic energy and fidelity; as a consequence of which, his regiment reported less than half the average amount of sickness in the western department. But these severe labors began to tell upon his health, and although slowly recruiting, during the brief respite of transfer to Tennessee, yet the protracted and exhausting labors of the 6th of April, gave a shock to his system from which he never recovered.

On the morning of that day of terrible slaughter, he was with the advance of Gen. Grant's army at Pittsburg Landing. From a letter written two days after the battle, I extract the following facts :

"I was sitting in my tent enjoying a quiet smoke, when the stillness of that beautiful Sabbath morning was broke by the long roll of the drum, and the guns of the enemy's attacking column. It was evident that they had attacked us in force, for the wounded began already to be brought to the rear, in scores. The shells of the enemy fell thickly around my tent, still I remained at my duties, hardly conscious that a terrific bat-

tle was raging; until ordered by the medical director, aboard the City of Memphis. As I was leaving my tent, which the Rebels burned before we reached the steamer, a minnie ball cut off a young hickory sprout, not a yard distant from my head, from which I cut a walking stick, the only Rebel trophy which I bore off the field, save a score of bullets cut from the wounds of our men. I worked at all kinds of surgery, from early morn till eleven o'clock at night, and finally sank down from complete exhaustion, and was myself carried away. We dropped down the river ten miles, with over seven hundred wounded on board, where I took charge of a hospital, near Savannah, and had to sleep on the floor. The suffering which I witness makes me almost forget my own, but I am so sick and exhausted, I must soon give up."

One day later, he writes in his diary: "I am almost unable to go out of doors; our entire wounded cannot be less than *seven thousand*; every house, shed, and shanty in Savannah is filled with them. I am too weak to write much—succeeded in getting a piece of chicken, and some poor soup from it. Diarrhea still weakens me, night-sweats and fever continue; yet I feel that, *a week of mother's good home nursing would cure me.*"

From that fatal 6th of April, he was never a well man. In laboring to save the lives of others, he sacrificed his own, and like thousands of our

patriot army, his remaining brief career was one of suffering. Unable longer to perform any duties whatever, and scarcely able to walk ; refused a furlough, though every neighborhood swarmed with absentees from the army whose impudent robustness belied their parole ; he resigned his commission, and returned to Illinois. In the last of May I visited him, and succeeded after a few weeks, in bringing him back once more to the home of his childhood.

Every thing which nursing and remedies could accomplish, was done for him ; and he soon rallied sufficiently to take short rides, and finally a trip to the sea-side ; which proved an injury rather than a benefit. On his way thither, I saw him in New York ; he appeared quite comfortable, but his condition, then, awakened my serious apprehensions for his recovery, about which he still spoke hopefully.

He referred with evident pleasure to his recent visit to the "Susquehanna Country," as he designated the mountain home of his Uncle Hemstrought, near Campville, N. Y. The primitive log-house of his uncle, set like a rough diamond amid the modern dwellings of his surrounding children, had sheltered its patriarchal occupant from the snows of fifty winters. Dr. McMaster, when a boy, had listened to the veteran's tales of frontier life and adventure ; had heard his mother and dear old aunty gossip together about their girlish days, had made their hearts merry with

his mirth and music, and enjoyed many a "rollicking" with his kind hearted cousins ; this ever hospitable roof, which its owner would not exchange for a palace, still possessed attractions for the weary invalid. Years before, he had carved his name upon the rude pine log beside the doorway, where now again he traced his initials. There stands the record—the boy and the man, side by side ; but alas ! where is the hand which traced it. He spoke in the kindest manner of his reception among the relatives, and amused me with his description of brother George's military advent as " Fife Major," to the volunteer recruits then enrolling in the neighborhood.

He bore his sufferings with a manly fortitude, and his mind exercised so complete a mastery over his body, that his very feeble hold upon life was scarcely realized. On Thanksgiving day, his presence completed the circle of our family, assembled as it proved, for the last time together in life ! My impressions, amounting to a conviction, that his life was running its last sands, were fully confirmed. I had no heart for his assumed cheerfulness, and witnessed with mingled feelings of pride and pain, the enthusiasm with which he still clung to his profession ; actually performing a successful operation for a soft cataract in the eye of a poor blind uncle, and was completely exhausted by the effort.

The few succeeding weeks of his life, presented the desperate struggling of a mind inspired with

confidence in Medical Science to arrest the progress of the Destroyer ; while powerless before all remedies, he was drifting to that bourne bordering upon the chartless waters of Eternity !

As he drew nearer his end, he evinced an increasing desire for his father's home, and affection for the society of its inmates. The record of his Diary during this period, in which he wrote, down to the day before his death, gives a better epitome of his thoughts and feelings than any I can substitute. In a clear, steady hand, written with pencil, I find the following record :

"Burnside defeated, and retreats across the Rappahanock."

"Dined at Uncle Truman's, felt quite cheerful."

"Worse to day, feel Iodized from its use."

"Received a letter, ten pages, from Edward, written on the cars from Albany to New York."

"Father, George and Charles, were tipped over by 'Jerry's' running them into a ditch. Father was hurt."

"Christmas eve, troubled with a palpitation of the heart."

"George came after me, and I went home, hung up my stocking ; must keep up the appearances of boyhood ; found a few trinkets in it."

"Dec. 29th. Beautiful weather, felt no better. George took me home to Auburn."

This was the last visit of his life, and I find but one later record in his Diary :

“Dec. 30. Dr. Briggs came to see me, advised *verat veride* for my palpitation.”

It became alarmingly evident to his attendants that his life was rapidly drawing to its close. I was telegraphed, at New York—but reached Auburn too late to see him living. The family gathered round him for their last words of love and consolation; the faculties of his mind remained unimpaired, and the dying man still cherished hopes of recovery. The attending physician made his last call; and when his brother Charles, who had been his constant attendant, announced that Dr. Briggs had said, he would not probably survive an hour; Dr. McMaster, replied, with his usual calmness: “Does he say so? Well, he knows,” and with no visible emotion, gave himself into the arms of his brother, to die! After a few moments, he aroused, and gave some business directions about the disposition of his personal effects, which he requested should be used for the support of his only child, an interesting daughter under two years of age, whom, let us hope, will take whatever of character she inherits, from her generous and noble hearted father.

He received the last farewell of his kindred, who were present, evincing for his mother, in the expiring moments of his life, as he had throughout his career, the most endearing evidences of love and gratitude. He informed them that he was too weak to give very visible expression to his feelings, begged them to not grieve so deeply,

or to consider him unfeeling ; left his parting blessing for his absent father and brothers, and with the composure of one prepared for a pleasant journey :—ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW YEAR, 1863, AT 10 O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING, AT HIS RESIDENCE IN AUBURN, TRANQUILLY AND WITHOUT A STRUGGLE, HE PASSED AWAY.

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The Son, the Brother, and the Patriot, was no more ! In the prime of early manhood, just entering upon a career of usefulness, Dr. McMaster had sacrificed his life upon the altar of his country.

His death was caused by an affliction known as Tubor Culodis—not an original condition of the lungs, but a habit acquired by exposure to malarious atmosphere, excessive physical labor, intense anxiety, and necessarily irregular habits of diet and rest. The course of his disease was rapid in destroying life, by the great number and rapid development of the tubercles, impeding and interrupting respiration, rather than by suppuration, and the usual consequences of that termination.



HIS FUNERAL SERVICE—Was attended at the Second Presbyterian Church, in Auburn, under circumstances of much solemnity and respect. The military of the city turned out as an escort, and the medical profession were his pall-bearers. The Sermon, by the Rev. S. W. Boardman, from the following text, was both eloquent and appropriate :—

“ 2d Timothy, 1st and 10th :—Our Saviour Jesus Christ who hath abolished Death, and hath brought life and immortality to light, through the Gospel.”

In addressing the mourners, he said :—

“ Let us pray that the year so sadly ushered in, may terminate under God’s favor, and its close see us again in the enjoyment of a settled, free, and lasting peace ! The mourners to-day recall with gratification the industry, energy, ability and success of their departed son, brother, and friend. His amiable and upright deportment, his moral and useful life, they remember with a sad satisfaction. The hope which he excited, and the promise which he gave of future eminence, leave them with bitter disappointments. But the fact that he died for his country, and especially that he spent his own life in relieving pain, and saving the lives of others, may justly afford them a grateful and consoling thought, so long as they live to mourn his loss !”

Having thus sketched the principal events connected with the life of one loved with more than a brother's love, I will not extend these pages with a recapitulation of the virtues which endeared him to his kindred, and made him so universally esteemed among men.

From the golden chain of a happy home circle, the brightest link has been untimely severed. Upon a gentle slope, where the sun first gilds that legendary eminence, "Fort Hill Cemetery," quietly repose his earthly remains; while the immortal part of him, which Time, nor Death, can steal away; still lives in our hearts, a consolation and a blessing; to lead us like some saintly guide through the labyrinths of Life, on to the Beautiful, the True, and the Good:—THE PLEASANT LAND OF THE HEREAFTER!



